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Demigod Stuff (PJO FANFICTION)



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Chapter 1 by Shannon Elise

It was a casual day at the football game. Or so I thought. It started out fine. Me, not paying attention to the game. Occasionally, okay more like all the time, we stood up and did the fight song. It was almost half time. "Shannon!" I turned.

"Grover!" He was an old friend. He had bushy hair and was scrawny. He tended to cry when he got frustrated, but was doing better lately. He was also crippled. He had a disease in his legs making him walk funny so he used crutches. Every step hurt him, but don't be surprised if you see him bolt for the enchilada line at school. Anyways. "What are you doing here?"

"Just wanted to see you guys at the game!" I immediately knew something was wrong. Grover was...well, different. And when he 'just visits,' it means something's up. Abby, my best friend, came over to us. "Hey guys."

"Sup! Oh hey Grover I don't think you've met my sister."

"Which one?" I lightly slap his shoulder.

"Uh I mean, *gasp* I didn't know you had a sister!"

"Well not blood related, we are just **really** close friends... anyways. This is Abby." Abby waved "Hi."

"Sup, I'm Grover." We sit down on the bench.

Abby wasn't a demigod. Or if she was, she didn't look like it. She was just a normal girl. I pointed that way.

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Chapter 2 by Karen Fox

But I still felt something. Something strangely off. And no, it wasn't because I was hungry.

"I think there's a monster around here," Grover whispered into my ear. "I feel it. We should run and take care of it."

Well, darn. There went my bright and sunny Saturday. But how was I going to explain to Abby? After going to Camp Half-Blood, I barely had any time to hang out with her and I didn't want to waste the opportunity I had today.

"Um...hey listen, do you think it can hold off until after the game?" I asked Grover.

"Um, maybe...yeah...ahh, NOPE! Shannon, we've gotta get out of here now! It's over there!"

Grover screamed, earning the attention of every person within a ten mile radius.

I grabbed my hidden Celestial bronze dagger as Abby whispered, "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," I said. "Stay safe. Please. I'll be right back, and then we can go get froyo or something."

But before I could run off, she grabbed my arm. "What the hell is that?" she said, pointing to the faint outline of the monster in the distance.

Grover and I looked at each other. Abby was a demigod.

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